

Southwest Sentinel.

VOLUME XXII.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO, TUESDAY, MARCH 17, 1896.

NO. 11

Attorneys at Law.
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BAIL & ANCHETA,
SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.
Attorneys at Law,
Will practice in all the courts of the Territory.
Original law a specialty. Office, cor.
Cass and Spring streets.
SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.
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BELL & WRIGHT,
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Physicians—Surgeons.
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Physician and Surgeon,
Office over Jackson's Drug Store,
Silver City, New Mexico.
O. T. PHILLIPS, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office at Hall's Drug Store, room at Dr. Hall's
Silver City, New Mexico.
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over Gilbert's Store and at residence.
Calls answered night and day.
SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.
Societies.
O. E. S.
Silver City Chapter No. 3, O. E. S. Meets
every 1st and 3rd Tuesday in each month at
Hall's Hall. MAY H. GARDNER, W. M.
MRS. N. L. LADY, Sec.
I. O. O. F.
Helen Lodge, No. 1, Rebekah Degree,
Meets every 1st and 3rd Tuesday in each
month at Hall's Hall. MAY H. GARDNER, W. M.
MRS. N. L. LADY, Sec.
I. O. O. F.
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesday nights in each
month at Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting Knights
invited. W. H. WHITE, C. O.
C. E. WILKINS, Sec.
R. A. M.
Silver City Chapter, No. 3, at Masonic
Hall. Regular convocations on 3d Wednesday
evening of each month. All communications
invited. W. H. WHITE, C. O.
C. E. WILKINS, Sec.
Churches.
M. E. CHURCH.
Services at the church, Broadway, near
the Court House, every Sunday at 11 a. m. and
7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.
Rev. A. A. Hyde, Pastor.
CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.
Services at the church, Broadway, near
the Court House, every Sunday at 11 a. m. and
7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.
Rev. A. A. Hyde, Pastor.
ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CHURCH. Sunday
Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday
School at 9:30 a. m. Rev. A. A. Hyde, Pastor.
Miscellaneous.
WILLIAM F. LORENZ,
Notary Public,
Office at Post Office,
Silver City, New Mexico.
JAS. B. CARTER,
Notary Public,
Office in Silver City National Bank
Silver City, New Mexico.
JAMES COBBIN,
Real Estate, Mining, Loan and Collection Agent
Office on Main Street,
SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.
Notary Public for Grant County, N. M. Com-
mission expires Dec. 31, 1896. All
kinds of real estate handled, and bought and
sold on commission.

Official Directory.
FEDERAL.
Thos. B. Catron, Delegate to Congress
W. F. Thornton, Governor
L. M. Miller, Secretary
Thomas Smith, Chief Justice
S. C. Collier,
S. D. Blunt,
Associates.
Charles F. Bailey, Surveyor General
Charles M. Shannon, U. S. Collector
Edward C. Hall, U. S. Marshal
W. H. Loomis, U. S. Deputy Marshal
J. W. Walker, Santa Fe, Register Land Office
F. D. Macomber, Santa Fe, Register Land Office
J. H. Ryan, Las Cruces, Register Land Office
S. P. Ascarate, Las Cruces, Register Land Office
Richard Young, Roswell, Register Land Office
W. G. Congrove, Roswell, Register Land Office
H. C. Pickett, Roswell, Register Land Office
TERRESTRIAL.
J. F. Vintner, District Attorney
H. C. Smith, District Attorney
W. H. Whitman, District Attorney
M. W. Miller, District Attorney
G. H. Jones, District Attorney
George H. Baker, Lincoln, District Attorney
F. H. Jones, Lincoln, District Attorney
H. H. Bergmann, Superintendent Penitentiary
J. H. Patten, Treasurer
J. H. Patten, Auditor
M. S. Hall, Coal Oil Inspector
GRANT COUNTY
And Silver City Paid a Handsome
Compliment by the Bureau of Im-
migration of This Territory.
A Brief Resume of the Work.
The Bureau of Immigration, through
its efficient secretary, Max Frost, of San-
ta Fe, has just issued a handsome hand-
book of 344 pages, showing the resources,
climate, geography, geology, history,
statistics and future prospects of this
Territory up to December 15, 1893. The
work is embellished with fine engravings
of the principal cities, mountains,
valleys, mining camps, ranches, fruit
farms and the numerous beautiful
scenery and pleasure resorts which abound
in this salubrious climate and future el-
dorado of the southwest.
A flattering tribute is paid to Grant
County's wealth producing resources,
her incomparable sanitary advantages,
beautiful scenery, broad ranges, bright
rivers and enterprising people.
We are credited with 200,000 head of
cattle and numerous flocks of sheep upon
our ranges; an annual production of
\$1,000,000 in gold bullion and \$800,000 in
silver ore, besides rich mines of lead,
copper, iron, tungsten and other rare
and valuable gemstones.
We find the following in regard to
Silver City:
The county seat in Silver City, situated
at the foot of Pecos Allos, in the
beautiful, fertile valley. All the
half of the county and parts
of Socorro County and Arizona are
directly tributary to it, and it lies at
the end of a branch line of the Santa Fe
road, and enjoys the advantages accord-
ing to every large supply depot. Its
banks, court house, hospitals, stores,
public schools, hotels and other build-
ings of granite and sandstone public char-
acter would do credit to an eastern county
seat. Since the opening of the Santa
Fe copper mines in 1890 it has been a
town site, but the energy of the last de-
cade has done more for its advancement
than all the previous years. Situated
as it is, surrounded by mills and con-
centrators, almost in the very center of
the mining region, its stability and prosper-
ity are assured. Large business blocks
are built or projected, and during the
year 1893 about twenty-five business
houses and handsome residences were
built within the city limits. It has a
number of streets and some elegant
water works, lying about two miles
from town, assure the city not only of a
good and pure supply of water, but, as
there is a large reservoir in the first
hydraulic of 144 pounds to the inch, im-
munity from the ravages of that dan-
gerous element is certain. The water is
pumped to a high reservoir by powerful
machinery. It is taken from a tunnel
which drifts across bed rock the full
width of the valley. Under anything
like ordinary circumstances the supply
is more than ample. Building material
is abundant. Large quantities of stone,
lumber and stone of the best character.
This method of developing a water
supply is worthy of a complete and tech-
nical description. Space however does
not permit this. The water is stopped
on the bed rock by sub-drains. The lo-
cation is in a wide scale or shallow val-
ley leading down from the Pecos Allos
towards Silver City. No water what-
ever runs on the surface. This under-
ground water is an important factor in
the economic development of the arid west.
Silver City is a notable example. Not
only has she an ample supply for domes-
tic and sanitary purposes of a large city,
and dependent on chance showers, but
through her pumping system she is re-
lieved as much as possible from danger
of fire.
The court house, the hospitals, the
fine blocks that line the business streets,
the churches, the commodious and com-
fortable hotels, of which there are four,
give the city a metropolitan air. The
salubrious climate makes good the local
cost of the water. Situated at
about 6,000 feet elevation, at about 35
degrees 15 seconds north latitude, pro-
tected by encircling mountains, all the
conditions are perfect for the preserva-
tion of health or the restoration of the
invalid to sound physical existence. The
springs are early and winter mild, while
the summers are never torrid. The late-
faded is the same as that of the north-
ern coast of the Gulf of Mexico, but the
heat is tempered by an elevation of
more than a mile above the sea. The
air is oxygenated, and the influence of
the fine forests is felt like balms in every
breath. The invalid who settles here
will find his interest in life reviving.
He will mix with a brainy, cultured poe-
ple, and in a short time will find him-
self discharging business. He will find
ground cheap and material plentiful to
build a home, to which purpose the un-
iversal hospitality of the people imper-
fecting and in a short time he will find
himself a useful member of a growing
and thriving community. Silver City
has a wonderfully bright future.

BROKEN BONES.
Those of a Horse Will Heal if They Are
Properly Treated.
It is a common opinion that a horse's
bones, once broken, never unite. This is
a standard error. A man who talks of
curing fractures in a horse is pretty sure
of a rebuke or sneer. The attempt to
cure is seldom made, because the horse
is rarely worth the cost. He may, after
all, remain permanently stiff and lame,
and for that reason fail of compensating
for the outlay of keep and treatment.
The horse, because of his environment
and duties, is exposed to so many acci-
dents, resulting in broken bones, al-
though it is not to be denied that many
such untoward happenings are directly
due to carelessness in the construction
of insecure stalls and permitting them
to mingle with one another as in pas-
ture, without first removing the hind
shoes, so that the force of a kick, fully
or intentionally administered, may
be rendered harmless. Fractures of the
limbs are by far the most frequent and
often necessitate sacrifice of the unfor-
tunate creature. While in general the
symptoms of a broken leg are evident
enough, occasions will present them-
selves when it will be difficult, perhaps
impossible, to decide upon the exact na-
ture of the injury. The most impressive
feature about a broken limb is the more
or less complete inability to use the
injured member, this suspicion being
further strengthened by the history of
its sudden occurrence and following the
receipt of some injury. Motion at a part
of the limb usually devoid of mobility
is fairly positive proof of fracture and
is expressed by the term "dangling of
the leg." If the leg should be shorter
than the opposite one, fracture, of
course, would be the first opinion to en-
tertain. But no testimony is comparable
to that known as crepitation, which is
the sound produced by rubbing together
of pieces of broken bone. To elicit this
sound, without inflicting unnecessary
pain it is requisite to manipulate the
parts gently and carefully.
The repair of broken bones is one of
nature's many interesting processes,
which art merely aims to assist by ad-
justing the fragments in as nearly a
normal position as can be obtained and
maintaining uniform union is es-
tablished. It is in this connection that
the greatest obstacle presents itself.
Subjects with severe bone injuries are
difficult to restrain and often manage
to disarrange the dressings, however in-
geniously devised, in spite of the best
directed precautions. Whenever a break
is complete and involves a long bone of
the limb, efforts should not be made to
cure, except in the case of valuable
breeding mares or stallions, unless it be
some favorite pet in whose behalf an in-
dulgent owner is willing to devote time
and money. Fractures of the bones en-
tering into the formation of the hip are
quite common and generally follow as
the result of accidents. In these par-
ticular cases treatment is often the
means of restoring an animal, after sev-
eral months, to a condition almost as
good and serviceable as before the acci-
dent. All that can usually be done is to
suspend the patient in a sling, so as to
prevent lying down, allowing nature, in
her own way, to mend the damaged
bone. Successful management in all
cases of fracture calls for sound judg-
ment and nice adjustment of whatever
dressing or bandaging is employed, and
offers an excellent opportunity for veter-
inaries to display their tact and skill.
The period has not long elapsed when to
have received such a hurt was quite
equivalent to undergoing a sentence of
death for the suffering animal, and per-
haps today a similar verdict is pro-
nounced in many cases in which the ex-
ercise of a little mechanical ingenuity,
with a due amount of careful nursing,
might secure a contrary result and in-
sure the return of the patient to his for-
mer condition of usefulness. A fracture
in a horse is, in fact, no more reason-
able to treatment than the same descrip-
tion of injury in any other creature. But
the question of property and expediency of
treatment is dependent upon certain
specific collateral considerations.—Cin-
cinnati Enquirer.

Power Consumption in Piano Playing.
The amount of power expended in
playing on a piano has recently been
figured out in a way which, if not alto-
gether accurate, is at least interesting.
Commenting on the statement made
that "it requires more force to sound a
note gently on this instrument than it
does to lift the lid of a kettle," the
American Art Journal says that this is
"easy to verify if one takes a small
handful of coins and piles them on a
key of the piano. When a sufficient
quantity is piled on to make a note
sound, they may be weighed and the
figure will be found to be true. If the
pianist is playing fortissimo, a much
greater force is needed. At times a force
of six pounds is thrown upon a single
key to produce a solitary effect. With
chords the force is generally spread over
the various notes sounded simultaneously,
though a greater output of force is
undoubtedly expended. This is what
gives pianists the wonderful strength in
their fingers that is often commented on.
"A story need to be told of Paderewski
that he could crack a pane of French
plate glass half an inch thick merely by
placing one hand upon it as if upon a
keyboard and striking it sharply with
his middle finger. Chopin's last study
in G minor, but a passage which takes
two minutes and five seconds to play.
The total pressure brought to bear on
this, it is estimated, is equal to three
hundred pounds. The average 'tonnage' of an
hour's piano playing of Chopin's music
varies from 15 to 24 tons.
"Wagner has not yet been calculated
along these lines."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Magician of India.
The magicians of India are a clever
lot. For a rupee (30 cents) they will
furnish you an entertainment. One
boots a drink and acts as interlocutor,
while there is generally a small boy or
girl as assistant. A clever trick is per-
formed by placing the hand of a girl
in a basket, covering the opening. After
tapping a sword in the basket from the
top and all sides, until one imagines
the youngster done to death, the basket
is opened and he is still there intact. No
suspensions are made beforehand, and
these cunning tricks are done on the
ground but five or ten feet away. In the
same way a small bush is made to grow
under merely a cloth covering. Consid-
ering that the magician has no access to
it, it is really wonderful.
The last part of the magician's pro-
gramme was no trick by any means. A
cocoanut was handed to me for inspec-
tion. It seemed sound and solid. After
a great deal of drumming and booting
to produce an excitement the cocoanut
was thrown into the air 20 feet. With a
loud yell the magician sprang under it.
When it descended and the cocoanut
burst to pieces on his head. The blow
struck him at first, but a few seconds
passed on the back by his comrades
and a drink of whiskey soon straightened
him out. Next he was accompanied by
one or two musicians, are frequently
seen dancing in the street, but their per-
formance is very slow and uninteresting.
—Oath.

The Real Mistress of Balmoral.
The mistress of Balmoral castle is not
the queen, but the housekeeper, a Mrs.
Munro, a typical personage of her
class, groomed always in rustling black
silk, lace trimmed apron and white cap.
She and the queen are said to be excel-
lent friends, and many a gossip have
they had together when affairs of state
have been laid aside.
Mrs. Munro also stands high in the
favor of the little Balmorals, who are
sure to seek her out as soon as they have
landed at the castle, for she is a kindly
little one and keeps many a treasured
toy in her apartments with which to
regale them.
To the world at large Mrs. Munro is
a holy terror. Her word is law, and she
enforces it at the point of the bayonet
or the broomstick. It is said that once
the queen wanted a certain maid, to
whom she had taken a fancy, detailed to
the care of her own room, but the house-
keeper remonstrated, telling her majesty
that it was quite out of order and she
really must not spoil the servants by undue
indulgence. The queen was wise enough
not to insist, and "dear Mrs. Munro" won
the day.—Strand Magazine.

Boiler Scale.
A very novel method of getting rid of
scale in a boiler is credited by a Boston
paper to an engineer in that city. The
scale came from the use of well water.
The feed pipe enters the front of the
boiler just about the water line, and has
slots cut in it about an eighth of an
inch wide, instead of the ordinary spray-
ing method of distributing the water,
and surrounding the feed pipe is a
larger pipe, about 6 inches in diameter
and cut away at the top; the feed water
enters the boiler and discharges through
the slots in the feed pipe, depositing all
the foreign matter in the water into
this catch pipe instead of into the boiler
—the success of the plan depending
upon having a high temperature of feed
at about the boiling point, when the
solids held in suspension or solution in
water will be deposited.

Named by Bayard Taylor.
Mont Clare, in Montgomery county,
was named by Bayard Taylor during the
course of a spring day ramble in 1847.
Taylor's association with the place
should be sufficient to incite a desire to
spell the name as he spelled it. The rail-
road company spells it "Mont Clare,"
which spelling originally named the
place a blind guess by some one who
perhaps thought that if it wasn't correct
it was near enough to pass.—San
Francisco Post.

Spelled His Fun.
"Who is that sour looking man?"
said one pretty girl to another at the
church festival. "He doesn't seem to be
enjoying himself a bit."
"He isn't. He's the man who makes
jokes about church fair oyster stew,
and I had them give him more oysters
in his than he could eat."—Washington
Star.

The Frog—A Natural History.
Born of stone, he lives under a
stone and will dig in it his grave.
I visit him frequently, and whenever
I lift the stone, I fear to find him and
fear that he may not be there. He is
there. Hidden in that dry refuge, clean,
narrow, quite his own, he fills it, evolves
like a miser's purse.
If the rain makes him come out, he
comes toward me. A few heavy jumps,
and he is on his thighs and looks at
me with his red, dead eyes. Though the
unjust world treats him as a leper, I do
not fear to sit by him and to place near
his face my human face.
Then I'll overcome a remnant of
dread and caress you with my hand,
and you'll smile at me.
One swallow in life things that make
one's heart colder.
Still, yesterday, I looked at
"My poor friend," I said, "I do not
wish to grieve you, but how ugly you
are!"
He opened his mouth, puerile and
childish as a reply, with a slight
English accent:
"And you?"—Paris Echo.

**What a Prominent Insurance Man
Says.**
H. M. Blossom, senior member of H.
M. Blossom & Co., 21 N. 3rd St., St.
Louis, writes: "I have found Dal-
lard's Hiveshield Syrup superior to any
other cough medicine I have ever known.
It never disappoints. Price 50c. Sold
by W. C. Porterfield."

Remember the Gantlopes.
The following extracts give further
information concerning this punish-
ment:
"In running the gantlope, the reg-
iment was formed six deep, and the ranks
opened and faced inward. Each man be-
ing furnished with a switch, the offend-
er, naked to the waist, was led through
the ranks, preceded by a sergeant, the
point of whose reversed halbert was pre-
sented to his breast to prevent his run-
ning too fast. As he thus passed through
the ranks every soldier gave him a
stroke."—Grose's "Military Antiqui-
ties," Volume 3, Page 108.
But the oldest notice I have seen is
given in "Mamre: His Expedition with
the Worthing Scot Regiment (called
Mackenzie's Regiment), led in August,
1624, etc. London: Printed by William
Jones in Red Cross-Street, 1837."
"Other slight punishments we en-
joy for slight faults, put in execution
by their comrades; as the lousiegarthe
(running the gantlope; Swedish gant-
lope), to run through a hedge made by
soldiers, when a soldier is stripped
naked above the waist, and is made
to run a furlong betwixt 800 sol-
diers, ranged alike opposite to others,
leaving a space in the midst for the
soldier to run through, where his
comrades whip him with small rods
and cat for the purpose by the
Gavillier (protest marshal), and all
to keep good order and discipline."—
Notes and Queries.

The Coal Man.
"The train was late," the traveler
said, "and when it got to the place
where we were to get supper everybody
was tremendously hungry, and every-
body, or almost everybody, made a wild
rush for the restaurant. A coal man was
one of a few who did not hurry, and
who, when they got into the restaurant,
found that every seat was taken. Here
was a situation to test a man's nerve.
Only 30 minutes for the meal, and with
the train late, that time sure not to be
prolonged, and it was the last meal of
the day. There would be no more eating
stop until morning. Some men would
have fretted and fumed and made them-
selves unhappy over this, and that is
just what one or two of the others with-
out seats did, but the coal man remain-
ed perfectly calm and undisturbed. In
fact, he seemed rather to enjoy looking
on at the scene of activity. But calm as
he was, he was none the less alert. With
unerring accuracy, though in a casual
sort of manner, he stationed himself
near the quickest eater, and when that
gentleman had pitched himself full, which
he did in about ten minutes, the coal
man took his seat, the first one vacated.
There were still ten minutes, and
how he profited by it could be told by
the added touch of serenely observable
upon his countenance when he lighted
his cigar in the smoking room of the
sleeper."—New York Sun.

A Divided Jury.
A man was on trial in Lake county
recently on a charge of grand larceny.
He was accused of stealing a hog. An
old rancher, whose interest in the case
was due to the fact that he owned a big
drove of hogs, listened attentively to
the impeachment of the jury and then left
the courtroom with an undisciplined
disgruntle.

"What's the matter, Sam?" inquired
an attorney.
"That jury's gone to disagree," he
declared emphatically.
"What makes you think so?"
"Think? I don't think nothing about
it. I know it."
"Well, then, how do you know it?"
"Why, they've got six hog men that
raise hogs and four men that know
how to steal hogs on that jury, and nobody
ever know'd a hog raiser and a hog thief
as would agree on a hog case."—San
Francisco Post.

It Was a Good Old Parcel.
A draper's assistant was showing a
lady some parcels. The assistant had a
good command of language and knew
how to expatiate on the good qualities
and show the best points of goods. As
he picked up a parcel from the lot on
the counter and handed it to the lady
with an attitude of admiration, and holding it
up to the best light that could be had
said:
"Now, then, isn't it lovely? Look at
this silk. Particularly observe the qual-
ity, the finish, the general effect. Feel
it. Pass your hand over it. No nonsense
about that parcel, is there? Heavens,
he has never loved to the lady. 'Ain't it
a beauty?'
"Yes," said the lady. "That's my
old one. I just laid it down here."
"He knew the Place."
The man with his coat collar turned
up, and his hat pulled down over his
eyes, who was slouching along in the
shadow of the buildings, suddenly be-
came to the man on the other side of the
street.
"Here's a graft, Bill," he said when
the other cried out.
"What?" asked Bill gruffly.
"This here house," replied the first
speaker. "It's just like findin' things
all fixed for you. Some bloomin' idiot
has gone away an' left his latchkey in
the door."
Bill took a long look at the house and
then at his head.
"You've got it," he said. "I don't
want nothing to do with the game."
"What's the matter?"
The fellow who lives here ain't to be
trusted. He's a low down, mean, tricky
cuss. He ain't got no feelin' at all."
"D'ye know him?"
"No, but I was here once before, an'
I'm on his game. He left the key just
like that before, an' I thought it was
dead easy. I went up an' tried to turn
it, an' thought I was bein' electrocuted
sure."
"Was he watchin' for you?"
"Watchin' nuthin'! He was one of those
here electrical gits. He was just stick-
in' the key in there to catch me, turns
a million volt battery on an' goes to bed.
I wouldn't touch that key if it would let
me into the Bank of England."—Acad.

Neudorf Convent Prison.
Where Austrian Female Murderers Leave
the World and Start Life Anew.
The women in the Neudorf Convent
prison were all so kindly in their ways,
so peaceful and good humored, they
diffused so completely from our precon-
ceived ideas of criminals, that we were
puzzled to imagine what could have
brought them into prison. We had never
a doubt but that their offenses were of
the most trivial nature, and we said so.
The superior gave us one of her odd,
humorous smiles.
"Did you notice that woman in the
corridor?" she asked. "She is Marie
Schneider."
That insignificant looking little woman,
who had stood aside with a gentle
deprecatory smile to allow us to pass,
Marie Schneider! Why, in any other
place one would have set her down at
once as the hardworking wife of a
struggling craftsman, so thoroughly re-
spectable did she look. And she is Marie
Schneider, a European celebrity with
more murders on her conscience than
she has fingers on her hands!
"And you let her stay here?"
"We have nowhere else to put her,"
the inspector, who had joined us, re-
plied, "and we don't hang women in
Austria."
Nor is she, as we soon found, the only
notoriety in the place. One of the
prisoners is a delicate looking girl, with
large brown eyes and golden hair—a
type of beauty almost peculiar to Aus-
trians. She has a low, cooling voice and
a singularly sweet innocent expression.
"What on earth can that girl have
done to be sent here?" I whispered.
"Done?" the inspector replied grimly.
"Set a house on fire in the hope of
killing a man with his wife and five
children."
The girl must have had extraordi-
narily sharp ears, for, although we
were standing at some distance away,
she heard what he said, and she gave
him a glance such as I hope never to
see again in my life. It was absolutely
diabolic; had there been a knife within
reach the man would have died on the
spot. Yet only a moment before she had
been looking up into my face with a
smile as angel might have envied.

Several of the prisoners are in the con-
vent for killing their own children;
some for killing or trying to kill their
husbands; others for stealing or embeas-
ling; others again for no more serious
crime than begging. There are all de-
grees of guilt there, in fact, and the
ages, from girls of 16 to women of nearly
60. And they all live together on
terms of perfect equality, for there are
no distinctions of rank there—no one is
better or worse than her neighbor.
When the convent door closes behind
them, they have done, for the time be-
ing, not only with the outside world,
but with their own past. They start life
anew, as it were.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Little French Lesson.
For those who have no knowledge
whatever of French the fashion mag-
azines and the menu cards of restaurants
bristle with difficulties. When the
strange words are ventured upon, it is
with fear and trembling—which the re-
sult often justifies. The following is a
short list of some of the most used and
worst pronounced:
Choe (cheek)—A small receipt.
Choe (sheek) is untranslatable, but
perhaps "style" is some nearest to
French kitchen meaning. In its own home
the word is slang and considered vulgar.
French ladies do not say "cheer" which
more than we say "nobly"—which
word is really its equivalent.
Peignoir (pay-noir)—A wrapper as
fine as it can be made.
Sante de lit (so-dee-lis) being our
both robe.
Ceres (air-ess)—Cherry, hence the
name of the color.
Baudoux (bah-doo)—Braids of hair.
Soutache (soo-tash)—Braid for trim-
ming.
Bis de veau (ree-de-vo)—Sweetbread.
Bouillon (moo-yon)—Clear soup.
Mouss (moo-say)—Bill of lard.
Roux (roo)—A mixture of butter and
flour, which, after being baked, is used
to thicken sauces.
Sante (so-tay)—Lightly fried in but-
ter.
Hors d'oeuvre (hord-d'over)—Light
dishes as appetizers served after the
soup.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A decided novelty in the way of piano
cases—the invention of a Milwaukee
music dealer—is on exhibition in the
University building, Broadway. After
several years of study and experiment
the inventor hit upon leather as the most
attractive as well as the most durable
article for incasing pianos. The instrument
was built in Buffalo. The color of
the leather selected for the first speci-
men instrument was a rich black, hand-
somer than any other. Not only does the
instrument thus incased present a most
attractive and dignified appearance, but
it has the advantage of being something
in finish that cannot be marred or
spotted.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Agrippina and Nero.
The mother of Nero, the infamous
Agrippina, was one of the most vicious
women of any age or country. The char-
acter of her son was the product of her
early, careful and systematic training
in all kinds of vice. He was just as
much an example of the power of edu-
cation as the most noted of reformers,
the difference being in the quality of
the education.

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